

Poetry Series

Adamantios Tsakaludis
- poems -

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Adamantios Tsakaludis(09/11/1968)

Anxious

Antithesis is not creative, a

Novelty is not made by

Xerox, to

Improvise is everything not meant to be

Official, is only an

Unwonted

Stroke

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Danger Hot!

I saw the sun, and he saw me,
I started walking to him,
Too far, I said to myself,
Too near, he replied and showed me
The sign, saying,

Danger Hot!

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Eternity

How many moments make a life?

If you live through the eternity,

Do you lose the moment?

Would you be able to forget or to remember?

How a moment can be shorter than the eternity?

Can you feel the difference at all?

Having both neither a beginning nor an end?

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Isolation

Irresolute of how to obtain

Safety, is an

Orgasm of

Liberty, than the

Authority of

Time,

Intelligent is not

Other than

Natural

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Life

Living every day as if the last one,
Hoping not for happiness, happy I am,
Craving for glory, not me,
Every moment more precious than the last one,
Thoughtful of nothing, anymore,
My only property is me.

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My Shopping List.

I am going twice a week in the supermarket,
Always preparing beforehand my shopping list,
For example,
Eggs,
Semi-skimmed milk,
A clear consciousness, and
Two bottles of bourbon,
Fresh fruits, and not forget to buy,
Vegetables,
Self-confidence, and, let's see what more, maybe...
One fruit-juice carton, or perhaps two,
A yogurt with low fat,
Fulfillment and something else I have completely forgotten.

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Obstruct

Obtain only what enables to

Breathe, taking up the

Slack, every

Test, gives a mind

Reflex, to

Understand, the

Cycle of

Thinking

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The Empty Bottle

What night it was I can't recall,
When I met this bottle of wine,
And then poetry started flooding the deepest corners of my mind...
Until it found a gateway to my hand,
And my pen composed this poem I can't even recall,
For what, I got drunk ...
For what, that bottle of wine was empty straight from the start.

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The Poetry Train

Every night I am dreaming,
Of a poetry train,
Its wagons full of words,
Mating each other,
Trying to find the perfect partner and,
Give birth to this poem,
On the poetry train,
All aboard,
On the poetry train.

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The Sun's Dweller.

No darkness,
No shadows,
No fear,

I can recall,
When I was,
The Sun's dweller

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The Unending Poem

All poems have a beginning and an end.
Always!
But, I have decided this poem not to end.
Because endings are so sad!
All poems have a beginning and an end.

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The Winter's Murmur

Every winter the roots seem fresher than the rest of the tree,
Like something deeper needs to be revealed,
And every spring the trees gain over their roots,
Exposing their virtues,
And inviting the birds to reveal them what the earth has murmured,
While themselves were asleep.

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This Is Not A Poem.

I do exactly know what a poem is,
I know that since I was thirteen,
And I have read hundreds and
Hundreds of them,
So, I have a sound knowledge of what a poem is,
But this ...
Definitely,
Is not a poem.

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Time

How short moments can be?
Long enough when happy they are?
Small when sad?
Do they follow us?
Or do they vanish the same way they come?

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What Every New Day Is All About

What brings a new day, is a mystery,
And only as a mystery can stay,
Away from night, a new day only the truth can say,
That night hides behind a dark veil.

Daring to stare the sun,
In the morning light,
And that is what every new day is all about.

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